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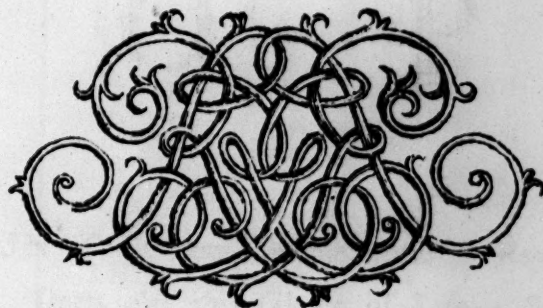
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H Y M N
T O
H O P E.

By the Rev. J. LANGHORNE.

Μνηθ' αὐτοῖ ἙΛΠΙΣ ἐν ἀρήντοις δομοῖσιν
Εὐδον ἔμμενε —

Has.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS in the Strand.

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A

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T O

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By the Rev. J. LANGHORNE.

London: Printed by J. G. ALLEN, at the
British Museum.

Has.



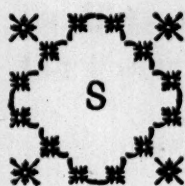
Printed for R. in the Strand.



H Y M N

H O P E.

I.



UN of the Soul! whose chearful Ray
Darts o'er this Gloom of Life a Smile;
Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my Way,
Yet light my weary Steps awhile,
Till thy fair Lamp dissolve in endless Day.

II.

O come with such an Eye and Mien
As when by amorous Shepherd seen,

B

While

While in the violet-breathing Vale
 He meditates his Evening Tale!
 Nor leave behind thy Fairy Train,
 REPOSE, BELIEF, and FANCY vain;
 That towering on her wing sublime,
 Outstrips the lazy Flight of Time,
 Riots on distant Days with Thee,
 And opens all Futurity.

III.

O come! and to my pensive Eye
 Thy far-foreseeing Tube apply,
 Whose kind Deception steals us o'er
 The gloomy Waste that lies before;
 Still opening to the distant Sight
 The Sunshine of the Mountain's Height;
 Where Scenes of fairer Aspect rise,
 Elysian Vales, and azure Skies.

IV.

Nor, gentle HOPE, forget to bring
 The Family of Youth and Spring;
 The HOURS that glide in sprightly Round,
 The Mountain-Nymphs with wild Thyme crown'd;
 DELIGHT that dwells with raptur'd Eye
 On Stream, or Flower, or Field or Sky:
 And foremost in thy Train advance
 The LOVES and JOYS in jovial Dance;

Nor

Nor last be EXPECTATION seen,
That wears a Wreath of ever-green.

.IIV

V.

Attended thus by BELA's Streams,
Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking Dreams,
When prone beneath an Ofier Shade
At large my vacant Limbs were laid.
To thee and FANCY all resign'd
What visions wander'd o'er my mind!
Delusions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your Fairy Haunts explore;
For HOPE withholds her golden Ray,
And FANCY's Colours faint away.
To EDEN's Shores, to ENON's Groves,
Resounding once with DELIA's Loves,
Adieu! that name shall sound no more
O'er ENON's Groves or EDEN's Shore:
For HOPE withholds her golden Ray,
And FANCY's Colours faint away.

VI.

Life's Ocean slept,—the liquid Gale
Gently mov'd the waving Sail.
Fallacious HOPE! with flattering Eye
You smil'd to see the Streamers fly.
The Thunder bursts, the mad Wind raves,
From Slumber wake the 'frighted Waves.

You

You saw me, fled me thus distressed,
And tore your anchor from my Breast.

VII.

Yet come, fair Fugitive, again:
I love thee still, though false and vain;
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To soothe AMBITION's wild desires;
To feed the Lover's eager Fires;
To swell the Miser's mouldy Store;
To gild the dreaming Chymist's Ore;
Are these thy Cares? or more humane,
To loose the war-worn Captive's Chain,
And bring before his languid Sight
The Charms of Liberty and Light;
The Tears of drooping GRIEF to dry;
And hold thy Glass to SORROW's Eye.

VIII.

Or do'st Thou more delight to dwell
With SILENCE in the Hermit's Cell;
To teach DEVOTION's Flame to rise,
And wing her Vespers to the Skies;
To urge with still returning Care
The holy Violence of Prayer;
In rapt'rous Visions to display
The Realms of everlasting Day,

And

And snatch from TIME the golden Key
That opens all Eternity.

IX.

Perchance on some unpeopled Shore,
Whose wild Rocks bound the Ocean's Roar,
Thy soothing Smile in Defarts drear
A lonely Mariner may chear,
Who bravely holds his feeble Breath,
Attack'd by FAMINE, PAIN and DEATH.
With Thee, he bears each tedious Day
Along the dreary Beach to stray :
Whence their wide Way his toil'd Eyes strain
O'er the blue Bosom of the Main ;
And meet where distant Surges rave
A white Sail in each foaming wave:

X.

Doom'd from each native Joy to part,
Each dear Connection of the Heart,
You the poor Exile's Steps attend,
The only undeferting Friend.
You wing the slow-declining Year;
You dry the solitary Tear;
And oft with pious Guile restore
Those Scenes he must behold no more.

XI.

O most ador'd of Earth or Skies!
 To Thee ten thousand Temples rise;
 By Age retain'd, by Youth carest,
 The same dear Idol of the Breast.
 Depriv'd of Thee, the Wretch were poor,
 That rolls in Heaps of Lydian Ore:
 With Thee the simple Hind is gay,
 Whose Toil supports the passing Day.

XII.

The rose-lip'd Loves that, round their Queen,
 Dance o'er "Idalia's velvet Green,"
 Thy Aid implore, thy Power display
 In many a sweetly-warbled Lay.
 For ever in thy sacred Shrine,
 Their unextinguish'd Torches shine;
 Idalian Flowers their Sweets diffuse,
 And Myrtles shed their balmy Dews.
 Ah! still propitious, may'st thou deign
 To soothe an anxious Lover's Pain!
 By Thee deserted, well I know,
 His Heart would feel no common Woe.
 His gentle Prayer propitious hear,
 And stop the frequent-falling Tear.

XIII.

[II]

XIII.

For me, fair HOPE, if once again
Perchance to smile on me you deign;
Be such your sweetly-rural Air,
And such a graceful Visage wear,
As when, with TRUTH and young DESIRE,
You wak'd the Lord of HAGLEY's Lyre;
And painted to her Poet's Mind,
The Charms of LUCY, fair and kind.

XIV.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
Vain HOPE, thou Harbinger of Woe.
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my Heart.
Indulge me, HOPE, we must not part.
Direct the Future as you please;
But give me, give me present Ease.

XV.

Sun of the Soul! whose chearful Ray
Darts o'er this Gloom of Life a Smile;
Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my Way,
Yet light my weary Steps awhile,
Till thy fair Lamp dissolve in endless Day.

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F I N I S.

XIII.

For me, fair Hore, if once again
 Perchance to smile on me you deign,
 Be such your sweetly-musical Air
 And such a graceful Village wear,
 As when, with Tumn and young Dorian,
 You walk'd the Lord of Masters' Lane,
 And painted to her Poet's Mind,
 The Chorus of Lucy, fair and kind.

XIV.

But ah! too early left—then
 Vain Hore, thou Harpinger of Woe,
 And no,——that thought disturbs my Heart,
 Indulge me, Hore, we must not part,
 I need the Future as you please,
 But give me, give me present Ease.

XV.

See of the South, whose cheerful Ray
 Darts o'er this Gloom of Life's Day,
 Sweet Hore, yet further gild my Way,
 Yet light my weary Steps away,
 Till my lamp flickers in evening Day.